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TALK SENSE NOW!

The annexation referendum twelfth-day twelfth-day seems to have passed off with a refreshing dash of judicial lightning. The referendum remedy is a good deal, but it ought to be applied in the right place. The court does not believe that, under the Byrd law, which, after all, is the law, despite city Democratic committees, such matters can be placed on the primary ballots. As a matter of fact, why should it have been placed on the ballots? The Times-Dispatch believes thoroughly in letting the people rule and find out by experience their own folly or wisdom, as the case may be, but the Council represents the people fairly well, and we judge that any real protest against annexation will be given fair hearing. Nothing is going to be forced down our throats.

Remembering, then, this Midsummer Night's Dream as a warning of how big a dice a city can make of itself, we urge the business of real city planning and city expansion be put under way. The Council committee is free now. It will be judged by what it presents as its plan, and need not fear sudden gusts of popular fury—if it presents a good plan.

Along this line, one hint: Certain advanced cities in Germany, who are living in the next century already, have their extensions planned ahead for the next thirty years. The city lines are marked, the streets, sewers, car lines, parks, boulevards, playgrounds, school buildings and moving-picture shows of the next generation are already designed and laid away in a blueprint to be used as growth demands. They know they must grow, and they want to grow right. Skilled engineers, landscape designers, architects, and statistical experts figure out what will happen, and right now the plans are drawn. Moreover, the land the city needs has been purchased at its farm value, and the community will never be held up for condemnation values later when it has grown up to and made the value of this property increase.

What we need is a big optimistic extension of the city bounds. The bigger the better. Then, beyond that, we need control of a future zone in which Richmond may buy land, lay out streets and improvements, and protect the sanitary needs of its people. Let the Council make two plans—one for what we are to take in 1914, and another for what we will take in about 1925. That's the way to look on Greater Richmond.

There may be legislative difficulties in the way. Well, instead of getting up silly referendums, let us begin now to work for the passage by the Legislature in 1914 of some decent municipal laws giving cities freedom to do things. It will need teaching and almost lynching before it will understand that cities need freedom. It is time we woke up to what we can do for Richmond by hard work instead of seeing how we can hinder her growth with near-sighted schemes that hurt every interest in the community.

POVERTY IN THE UNITED STATES.

Since the beginnings of the nation, the United States has been pictured as an El Dorado by the poor of other lands to such extent that "it is almost impossible to get people to realize that although ours is a land of plenty, somehow or other many of our people do not share in it" to borrow the statement of Arthur James Todd, of the department of sociology in the University of Illinois, who, in the Christian Science Monitor, discusses conditions of poverty here.

How many poor people are there? Nobody knows, but there is evidence which gives us some idea of the number. The recent discussion of old age pensions disclosed the fact that there are probably more than 2,675,000 persons past sixty years of age who would come within the scope of such pensions. Massachusetts, in 1911, relieved through poor law officers, about 24 per cent of its population. In the same period it is thought that private charities covered an equal or larger number. In Boston, in 1912, the Associated Charities reported 69,000 cases—about 16 per cent of the city's population.

These cases were of acute poverty. They tell nothing of the prevalence of chronic poverty, which is defined as "such a lack of the necessities of life as hinders efficient living." Robert Hunter found that 26 per cent of the people of Boston in 1902 were in distress. He concluded that a survey of the country would show that 14 per cent of the people in prosperous times and 29 per cent in hard times are in distress. Others estimate the cases of chronic poverty at from one-fifth to one-fourth of the total population. Late studies in standards of living and wages among American wage-earners indicate that fully one-half of the workers of the nation do not earn less than \$750, and only one-tenth earn more than \$1,000 a year. This means that "at least 5,000,000 of the male workers of America receive less than \$500 a year."

Dr. Todd declares "if we accept the indolently low figure of \$550 as a minimum physical efficiency wage for an average family, it is evident that between 20,000,000 and 26,000,000 of our population are living below the absolute minimum necessary to maintain mere physical capacity; they have passed that limit below which a just claim upon the consideration of the charitable is constituted." From 10 to 20 per cent of our fellow Americans are in real distress; 20 to 30 per cent are living constantly below a physical efficiency minimum, and even a higher percentage do not receive an income sufficient to maintain either economic or social efficiency.

MONOPOLY IN ELECTION MACHINERY UNJUSTIFIABLE.

The Democrats of Norfolk County, whose Democracy stands the test, are indignant because all the judges of election for that jurisdiction, except in one precinct, have been chosen from that faction "which looks to the Republican head-center for leadership." The Times-Dispatch is forced to concur in the conclusion of the Virginian-Pilot that no intelligent person should be surprised at such a state of affairs, for "what else was to be expected from an electoral board composed entirely of fusionists? Indeed, why should an absence of partisanship and regard for decent appearances have been looked for in the members of that body when the high authority that appointed them had set the contrary example?"

If elections are to be conducted fairly, election machinery must not be controlled by any single political faction. There should be fair division of election officers among all alignments interested.

The operation of every part of election machinery should be above suspicion. Whichever party is in substantial complete charge of an election, suspicion naturally arises.

"There is nothing genuinely Democratic about either the official or the political regimes at present on top in Norfolk County. They speak at all times in voices disguised to resemble that of Jacob, but the hand that sways such movement on the board is that of the Republican Esau," protests the Virginian-Pilot. "Under normal conditions the county would be as reliably Democratic as any in Eastern Virginia, but as things stand, so long as the offspring of an unnatural political amalgamation is recognized as legitimate by the State organization, and so long as the Democratic majority receives into its bosom and confers places of public trust on members of the coalition, we confess to discerning no remedy."

Perhaps the greatest election problem we have to-day in Virginia is to supply such a definition of "Democrat" as will effectively prohibit a Republican from participating in a Democratic primary. The man who is a Republican in a national election and a Democrat in a State or local election should be prohibited from masquerading as a Democrat. This faulty condition exists too generally in Virginia, and it is hard to remedy it without shutting the doors of the party to the real independent vote. Yet, whatever the cost, the bars should be put up.

BABY SLUGGER BEATS CY FALKENBERG.

The news editor would call the above headline full of human interest. It is. Something of that tone will be carried in about every morning paper in the country to-day. You of the dull blood and stagnant emotions, who miss half of life by preferring the markets to the sporting page, ought to read the story and get a genuine thrill where the laugh cuts across the sigh kind of human-like. For fear you wouldn't understand, we state:

Cy Falkenberg is a young man who tosses a small sphere across a plate for young men to bat at. He does it to win games and support a family. He belongs to the Cleveland baseball team. This year Cy has done right well, and up to yesterday held the 1912 record for consecutive wins by any pitcher in the big leagues. He had won ten straight, and for the moment we affirm that is some winning. Yesterday he intended to make it eleven by corraling the capricious of the justly famous Bostonian Red Sox. Fate intervened just before the battle with a telegram from back home announcing that young "Cy" had been added to the Falkenberg batting list. Dad lasted six innings, and then his record went glimmering. Boston won, 4 to 1.

But what is fame compared to a happy Cy lost because he was too happy. He has made the old world happier by his losing, and we guess the happiness record is the best one to hold after all. Here's luck to both Cy and the Missus!

OUR INTERNATIONAL LAW EXPERT.

Counting in even the occupants of chairs of international law in our colleges and universities, the body of international law experts in the United States is exceedingly small. The roll of those who have interested themselves in international jurisprudence as an avocation and not as vocation is brief indeed. Carry the process of elimination further and exclude those whose official position has required of them some knowledge of the rules of nations, and the register greatly diminishes.

In the last, and smallest, division—that of public-spirited men, whose interest in international law is that of the student of human progress toward the federation of the world—belongs Andrew Jackson Montague, member of Congress from this district. His selection by President Wilson as one of the delegates from the United States to the International Conference on Maritime Law at Brussels, and his appointment as a delegate from the International Union at The Hague, come as well-merited recognitions of his knowledge of the principles of arbitral justice. His experience and service as a delegate from this republic to the Pan-American Conference at Rio de Janeiro in 1906, by appointment of

President Roosevelt, and as delegate to the Third International Conference on Maritime Law at Brussels in 1909, by appointment of President Taft, thoroughly justify his most recent honor. His learning in international law and his capacity for representing the country in discussions and deliberations concerning international jurisprudence have been officially recognized by three Presidents of the United States. As chairman of the committee of international arbitration of the Virginia Bar Association, he has manifested still farther interest in this broad branch of law.

Mr. Montague's distinction as an expert in international law is emphasized by his latest commission, which reflects honor upon Virginia, reviving to no small degree one of the fine traditions of her public service.

THE REBELLIOUS HIRED HANDS.

No work appeals to the race of men very much, but what would you say was the work least relished of all the great occupations? The housewife and the farmer answer unanimously, the hired girl and the hired man. In modern society it has fallen that the oldest, simplest, most necessary and most continuous kinds of toil are what young men and women are seeking to avoid. It is not hard to get clerks, tradesmen, craftsmen, factory hands or day laborers. It is hard to get a man to do steady work on the farm. It is not hard to get laundresses, stenographers, saleswomen, teachers or factory girls. It is hard to get domestic servants. Any woman in Richmond will swear to the truth of this.

This is a serious thing. To keep the house and to raise the food of a nation are essential operations. We cannot dodge them yet, no matter what luxuries we enjoy. It is time some sort of a commission investigated the cause of this tragic fact, and made suggestions as to the remedy. Why cannot we longer secure decent, reliable, efficient, industrious hired people?

Certain reasons are obvious. Chores and housework are both menial tasks. In a democracy we have no class trained from birth for this status, and content therein. In a democracy everybody is good enough for anything, and nobody wants the disagreeable thing that is hard and pays small wages. In Europe they depend on a servant class. In the land of the free there are no longer any servants. We must all be masters. By and large we imagine this social reason is the largest factor in the diminishing labor supply.

Then again, farm and housework have no dignity, regularity or chance for advancement. They are permanent jobs on the lowest level. They give the toiler no sense of importance, no hope of future prosperity, no definite, precise and limited field. They are not creative, and develop no feeling of personal pride. They consist of doing small things that wear both mind and body out, over and over again. Milking, plowing, wood-cutting, cleaning horses—these repeat themselves forever. Washing dishes, sweeping each day a new day's dirt, making the beds, doing the washings—a whole life filled with these sees no achievement at the end. In a remote way both are menial tasks as they tend to the progress of the world. Yet it takes more imagination than the average hand enjoys to see the large glow in the daily grind in all other work there is an esprit de corps. Even the office boy in a great firm speaks of "our house." In most all the trades there is a chance to rise to be a master.

Once more both these basic labors are isolated. They have no regular hours. They seem never done. They allow little time for recreation, though in themselves they are not harder than many more popular callings. The help are outside the main life of the family and have no life of their own. The recreation needs are rarely answered.

These hint at reasons. There are more. What is the remedy? One main thing is to do more of the manual toil by machinery. The modern house and the modern farm are using science to abolish drudgery. In a few decades we will look with horror on the tragedy of the maid and the manservant. Meanwhile, we can take a sensible view of their outlook, and give them a little human treatment. Give them society, recreation, pride in work, share in the profits, a chance to improve and the sense that they are vital and deeply worthy parts of the vast whole, and we may ease the strain on the "Help Wanted Columns."

The Fort Worth (Texas) Record thus describes "Cyclone Davis," who threatens to become a candidate for the governorship of the Lone Star State:

"He has horns on his hands and bells on his tongue. He is a warbler from Warblersville, and has made more speeches on more sides of all public issues than any peregrinating spellbinder in public life."

"He bleeds internally and externally at all times for the sudden and down-trodden."

"He is as lean as Cassius and as hungry as Caesar."

And there are dozens like him running for the House of Delegates in this Old Dominion.

We hope the Mayor has gotten the boys and the street cleaners interested in making a baseball diamond out of the Ford property. It is one of the crimes of the city that it holds land idle for years waiting to get money to improve it, while hundreds of people would be willing to improve it right along. Why not spend a couple of hundred dollars and make the square a little green plaza? If not that, let folks plant vegetables on it, as Mayor "Potato" Pinkree did. Breathing space is a steady need in cities, and Richmond, congested to the limit, should employ every bit of available land. Make a playground of it now, and put a library on part of it later. That's our hint, Your Honor.

On the Spur of the Moment

By Roy K. Moulton

Good Advice.
 It isn't what you make, my son. But what you save that counts. The folks who scrimp and sacrifice have more than large amounts. We've often heard from wise old heads. The bit of sage advice. The fellow that hangs onto his. Will always have the price. If it costs ten a week to live. Hang onto all your surplus, lad. And then as sure as fate. It is a very potent fact. 'Tis many decades lapse. You'll be a multimillionaire. That is to say—perhaps.

From the Hickoryville Clarion.
 Miss Penny Tibbitts says she has had nine offers of marriage, but is waiting until she finds a fellow that her mother thinks is good enough for her. But when she does find this fellow he probably won't ask her. Widow Higgins reports that the weather has been so cold that every egg her hens have laid recently has been frozen when she found it in the nest. She says she ain't sure whether the eggs were frozen before they were laid or not and maybe she has got a brood of cold storage hens.

Mr. Hilliker and Hod Peters traded watches in William Tibbitts' store the other day. Hod thinks he got a little the best of Cy in the swap, because the watch he got sometimes runs as long as an hour at a time, whereas the watch Hod traded to Cy won't go at all unless you shake it and turn it on something good and hard, and then only for a minute or two. Neither watch is a very reliable timepiece as you might say.

Automobile Yarns.
 "I have got a great invention for my car," said the Thin Man. "Sprin' it," said the Fat Man. "I'll stay if the rest do."

"It is simply a new and novel electric lighting plant," said the Thin Man, "and I believe it will revolutionize things. You know I always wear my headlights, sidelights and tail lights with this electric light, when I am driving, instead of hooking them onto the battery. The scheme works perfectly, and that way a man can operate his lights without any expense."

FLIES!

Horse manure is the principal breeding place for flies.

It can be made sterile with coal oil, carbolic acid, copperas water or dry lime by mixing thoroughly.

Horsemen, stablemen, owners of horses and sanitary inspectors, pay attention! Cut this out.

Let 1913 be a flyless year—

Abe Martin

By a kind provision of nature, a fellow never sees his last year's straw hat as others see it. Why does a chicken stand on the curb?

UNCLE TRUSTY!

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and cure himself of liver trouble at the same time. Then, also, a man can charge all expense to liver trouble instead of car trouble, and it takes quite a load off his conscience. You know a man has got to have a liver whether he has a car or not.

"I do not doubt your story at all," said the Fat Man, "and I do not question the value of your invention. I know you can tell the truth if you have to, for I have heard you do it once or twice, but what I wish to say is that your invention is not one-two-three with one of mine. I have arranged the magnets in my car so that I can run the car absolutely without expense to myself. I can point the magnets in any direction I see fit and the powerful magnets attract metallic objects with such accuracy that I always know what to expect. By the simple turning of a lever I can turn the magnets upon anybody. I can turn the star right off a policeman's coat and he never knows where it goes to. I can turn my magnets upon a prosperous-looking pedestrian and extract every cent of change that he has got in his pockets. I worked it several times yesterday, and when I got home at night and examined the floor under the engine I found that I had collected \$41.55. Automobiling under these circumstances is not an expensive pastime and a man can afford to buy a new tire occasionally. I forgot to mention that I pulled a diamond ring off from a man's finger with my magnet yesterday and he never knew it."

The Sunday Paper.

I start to read on Sunday. One section I wade through; I read again on Monday. And then on Tuesday, too. It's piled up all about me. The part that I have read. The parts I haven't touched yet. Are stacked up in the shed. If I have patience. And do the job up right. And read without a let-up. I'm through by Saturday night.

Voice of the People

Farmers' Organizations vs. the Sherman Law.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir—Your leading editorial May 27 was a vigorous denunciation of legislation benefiting farmers' organizations and labor unions, which, you think, should be subject to prosecution under the Sherman antitrust law. You denounce the proposed exemption from prosecution of a given class of legislation in the interest of a class, and demand that the general principle of equality before the law shall be applied to all alike.

Now, this sounds fine; but let us look a little nearer at the subject and we will find that farmers' organizations are not conspiracies in restraint of trade, or to destroy competition, but simply to find markets for the surplus produce of a given community, and to find the most direct route to these markets. Their prime object is to eliminate the middleman, and, of course, the middleman becomes their enemy. It is estimated that the products of the middleman, the price that the consumer pays. The other 75 per cent goes to the middlemen, who come between the producer and the consumer. Now, it is the business of the farmers' associations to get rid of some of these middlemen and reduce the cost of living to the consumer, at the same time increasing the prices of produce to the farmer.

Along this line the association is enabled to do what no single farmer can, namely, an expert to assemble all essential information concerning the best markets and advise shipments accordingly. He puts aside the middlemen, and opens more and more direct channels to the consumer. These and many other services of a like kind can be performed, and the result is that production of all the fruits of the soil is greatly stimulated, and nobody is injured, excepting the speculator, whose interest it is to prevent the removal of his stock from the market in the disposition of his crops.

Now, these farmers' organizations represent their respective communities and specialties. In the mountains they sell apples, on the coast they sell vegetables and fruit. They can be no understanding between these two, and no conspiracy in restraint of trade. Between these associations in different States handling the same products, instead of an understanding, which is, under the circumstances, impossible, there is constant and keen competition. What concern can there be between an association in Virginia selling York Imperial apples, and one in Western New York selling Baldwin? But there can be competition in selling the same apples, and in selling the same goods, the finest quality, the best condition, and that is exactly the attitude of each farmers' organization toward every other.

They are not monopolies, they are

not backed by enormous capital, they do not own railroads and control rates, they do not dictate prices, they do not threaten or destroy competition, and consequently your proposition, Mr. Editor, to expose them to government investigations, and it seems to me to be ill advised. I know what you will say, that if they have not offended the law they will have nothing to fear, but it will amount to perhaps a very considerable expense and annoyance to be exposed to investigations, and it seems to me that the farmer's situation that he has not transgressed the law. He has neither money nor time to defend himself against a powerful prosecutor, or to the law's protection, or to prosecutions, in order to satisfy people who do not possess even an elementary idea of the farmer's situation that he has not transgressed the law. He has neither money nor time to defend himself against a powerful prosecutor, or to the law's protection, or to prosecutions, in order to satisfy people who do not possess even an elementary idea of the farmer's situation that he has not transgressed the law. He has neither money nor time to defend himself against a powerful prosecutor, or to the law's protection, or to prosecutions, in order to satisfy people who do not possess even an elementary idea of the farmer's situation that he has not transgressed the law.

This may be another question, and I will turn to the original discussion by saying that you will probably find up a notable hornet's nest if you incite a demand for legislation which will seriously injure a farmer without benefiting any one else, excepting, of course, the speculator in farm products. Hereofore the average farmer has not been enthusiastic over the assistance he has been getting from legislatures and Congress. As a class he has been regarded as meekly accepting about any kind of legislation handed down to him. This proposition to expose his co-operative arrangements, in company with labor unions, to government prosecution is a different matter, and it may turn out, if persisted in, to be just about as good a rock as a right-angled triangle is to wreck a Democratic administration, or any other administration.

Savannah, Va. B. C. MOOMAW.

QUERIES & ANSWERS

Pons Asinorum Again.

I am very sure, as was J. F. D., that you were mistaken in the statement about "Pons Asinorum." This is not the problem in geometry proving that an equilateral triangle is also equilateral, but the one proving that the squares on the base and altitude of a right-angled triangle is equal to the square on the hypotenuse. You also stated that no one knew the origin of the term or its meaning. Your assurance of Latin should tell you that it is the "bridge of asses" or, as we would say, the stumbling block for donkeys or blockheads, and was so dubbed because of the difficulty students often found in understanding and explaining the problem.

H. F. WRIGHT.
 We were so much interested to discover that several correspondents shared the error about the application of the name "pons asinorum" that we looked into a number of books of ref-

erence to see if the source of the misapprehension could be found. Murray's Dictionary, The Century, Webster, The Standard, The New International Encyclopedia, The Britannica and such others as we examined, all state the matter correctly, and we owe ourselves at a loss to discover how our friends were misled on the subject, and should be pleased to have one of them cite any reference work of standing which differs in statement from those named. We do not see how the writer of the letter above supposed that we said that "no one knew the meaning" of the little Latin phrase. The original query was, "Please tell me what the pons asinorum is, and why it is so called," and the answer was, "The proposition of plane geometry that the angles at the base of an isosceles triangle are equal. No one knows." The English equivalent of "pons asinorum" was not in question, and we assumed that the original querist was quite as able to translate as we. What was in question was the application of the phrase to the fifty rather than dolores, and for the sake of argument, the difficulty of this we declared that nobody knew. The matter of the difficulty of the proposition would not affect the case, as that would be one of opinion, and, for the sake of argument, the difficulty might be admitted. But a bridge is not a difficulty; it is rather the means of surmounting a difficulty, and the observation of old Beckham that "bridges of asses" ought to be "trap of asses" is quite in point, as is the "Epigram" of date 1750.

If it be rightly called the bridge of asses.

He's not the fool that sticks, but he that passes." So far as we now recall, there is but one English colloquialism, in which "bridge" is synonymous with "difficulty," and that is the proverb about crossing bridges before you come to them. In all other uses, "the bridge that helped him over," "burn his bridges," "abuse the bridge," etc., the idea is that of a help in trouble, and to apply the word to a "difficulty" would be folly. No assistance may be found in any Latin usage, though Euclid lived long enough before the classic period for the phrase, had it existed, to have got fixed among Roman students of his works. There is plenty of Greek reference to the stupidity and clumsiness of the ass, and hence, much depreciatory suggestion, but there is not one word, so far as we know, connecting the ass and the bridge. Neither does the term come to them in any other uses, "the bridge that helped him over," "burn his bridges," "abuse the bridge," etc., the idea is that of a help in trouble, and to apply the word to a "difficulty" would be folly. No assistance may be found in any Latin usage, though Euclid lived long enough before the classic period for the phrase, had it existed, to have got fixed among Roman students of his works.

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It is quite likely that there was some well-known story about an ass that would not cross a bridge, much as now among our Southern "rag-ners" exists a belief that a mule has far more sagacity than a horse about the safety of bridges, and that he feels the flooring gingerly before he trusts it with his full weight. But this story, if it existed, is a straw in the gannet, and no one seems to be able to suggest what it is, and so no one appears to have the least notion of the reason why the geometrical proposition in question is called the "pons asinorum."

Everybody--Everywhere

Should have a bank account. There is no better way to get a start on the road to success than by keeping a checking savings account in a strong bank.

Your business and household finances will be handled more systematically, you will have an assurance of good standing in the community, and you will know that your money is safe from loss in the

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